

Eng. Poetry vol 57

T H E

Fate of Lewellyn;

O R, T H E

D R U I D ' s S A C R I F I C E .

A L E G E N D A R Y T A L E .

T O W H I C H I S A D D E D ,

The GENIUS of CARNBRE',

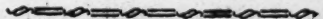
A P O E M .

By a YOUNG GENTLEMAN of TRURO SCHOOL.

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A L E G E N D A R Y T A L E .

In T W O P A R T S .

ERRATA.

Page 3, Stanza 2, l. 3, for *nor* read *not*.

19, — 1, l. 2, read What ease *and* elegance.

26, — 3, l. 1, 2, read

The Raven croak'd: his fullen flight

The dark Bat wheel'd, &c.

28, — 1, l. 4, for *death deepening* read *funereal yew*.

31, — 1, l. 1, for *rag'd* read *plain'd*.

— 2, l. 3, read What scenes *in*, &c.

34, — 1, l. 2, for *sweet* read *old*.

l. 3, for *her waves* read *his streams*.

38, Note, for *Metempichosis* read *Metempsychosis*.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Author of the following lines, whom even a cursory view of them will soon discover to be a very young writer, is aware of their containing many imperfections, which the critical eye will not overlook, and some which his own maturer judgment would probably have enabled him to remove. Several little essays, which he has made in the poetical way, have been very favourably received within the circle of his friends. Their encouragement, added to an ambition he feels of distinguishing himself,

“ For who so fond as youthful Bards of Fame ?”—

has prevailed on him to submit these pieces with all their imperfections on their head to the inspection of a candid and indulgent public; that from their judgment he may be informed, whether he has any talent for this kind of writing—or whether he has mistaken the partial applauses of his friends for the genuine inspiration of the muse.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE Author of the following lines, who is now in a
view of them will soon discover to be a very young

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which the critical eye will not overlook and long which
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to remove. Several little errors which he has made in the
poetical way have been very kindly pointed out to him
by some of his friends. Their suggestions he has
in addition the loss of distinguishing the

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—or whether he has mistaken the poetical spirit of his
friends for the genuine inspiration of the muse.

THE
FATE OF LEWELLYN.

Part the First.

WHERE *Tamer's** stealing waters glide,
And the green skirts of *Cornwall* lave;
While Trees, luxuriant Nature's pride,
Bend shadowy o'er the silver wave;

LEWELLYN led a rural life,
Unconscious of illustrious blood:
Far from the world's ignoble strife,
The swain had "leisure to be good."

* A River, which divides Cornwall from Devonshire.

With mimick hues no pageant Art
 Deck'd vainly rich his blest abode:
 Nature each beauty can impart,—
 'Twas Nature every charm bestow'd:

She, mistress of Creation's round,
 Commands the rising flow'rs to bloom;—
 In chearful verdure robes the ground,
 And deeply paints the sylvan gloom:—

At her behest the breezy morn
 Breathes incense thro' the purpled sky;
 While on soft downy pinions borne,
 The fragrant hours concordant fly.

The fleecy flocks exulting play'd
 Around LEWELLYN's lov'd retreat,
 Or frisk'd along the velvet mead:
 The high hills echoed with their bleat.

Harmonious thro' the raptur'd vales,
 LEWELLYN pour'd the vocal strain;
 O'er all the woodlands and the dales,—
 Belov'd by every piping swain.

Gay Health diffus'd her smiles, that ease
 Imperious fortune's gloomy frown;
 Unblest by her, what lot can please?
 Not ev'n the splendour of a crown.

Contentment, nymph of placid mien,
The dearest child of roseate health !
Adorn'd with meekest looks the scene!—
A stranger to the fons of wealth.

The swain, benign and pure in heart,
The precepts of his God obey'd;
He felt nor guilt's corroding smart,
Nor from the path of virtue stray'd.

Full many a circling year had roll'd,
Since ELDRED fought the martial field;
LEWELLYN'S fire, in battle bold;
Courage, the warrior's bosom fill'd.

His absence oft LEWELLYN mourn'd:

Now thought his aged father dead;

And now beheld the Sire return'd

In Fancy's eye, with laurel'd head.

Thick shaded from the gold-hair'd Sun,

When slumbering near the cooling streams,

Amidst the fultry hours of noon,

He view'd him oft in pleasing dreams.

O'er CORNWALL's sons in elder days

Great CAMLAN held his peaceful reign:

He figh'd not trophied spoils to raise,

High-pil'd on mountains of the slain.

(to)

His breast no lust of Empire fir'd,
Nor wild Ambition's impious flame;
But one small Realm the Chief desir'd,
His just hereditary claim.

Now RADNOR, restless Earl, arose,
With black Rebellion's treacherous band;
'Spite of his injured country's Laws,
" He wav'd Sedition's dangerous brand."

War spread around its loud alarms,
The rumour reach'd LEWELLYN's ear;
Squadrons, array'd in hostile arms,
Fill'd his tumultuous soul with fear.

He

He trembled :—When to Fancy's eye

ELDRED his awful form display'd—

“ Aspire to conquer or to die!”

With frowns th' indignant Hero said.

With conscious shame LEWELLYN blush'd,

He felt his Father's martial heat,

Honour appear'd, with vict'ry flush'd,

And drove him from his calm retreat.

A quiver on his shoulder hung,

His woods he left with heaving heart ;

(An ancient quiver long unstrung,

Replete with many a time-worn dart.)

Curst be the hour, when daring Youth
 Resign their heav'n-born peace of mind ;
 O let them bear the Shield of Truth,
 Not aid the tyrants of mankind !

Lur'd by Persuasion's magic art,
 (Ah ! glittering was the fyren's snare !)
 Rebellion caught the shepherd's heart,
 And Glory's visionary glare.

To RADNOR, proud **Dunheved*'s lord,
 Th' unwary Rebel strait repair'd ;
 Charm'd with his wealth and sumptuous board,
 T' oppose his lawful Prince he dar'd :—

Haunt

* *Dunheved* was the ancient name of a castle near Launceston, the ruins of which still remain.

Haunt of illustrious chiefs, on high,
 Dunheved rais'd his cloud-capt head ;
Now Ruins strike the pensive eye,
 Where many a Cornish Hero bled.

Where once proud battlements arose,
 Now the huge fragments mouldering fall ;
Where mourn'd their doom the captive foes,
 Now nods the ivy-mantled wall.

Struck with the Castle's towering height,
 The *too* magnificent abode,
LEWELLYN gaz'd with fond delight:—
 His high-fwoln heart for Glory glow'd.

No more Content his soul possest,
He never felt her joys again:—
Contending passions tore his breast:
Lawless Ambition's baleful train.

Since NIMROD urg'd his furious course,
And dealt Destruction's deadly blow;
Since raging with tyrannic force,
He spread around disastrous woe;

Ambition scourg'd the jarring world,
'Twas she the Trump of Discord blew;
'Twas she the Bolts of Vengeance hurl'd,
'Twas she the deathful Javelin threw.

Scar'd at her vast gigantic mien,
 Pacific virtues funk away;
 Nought o'er the bleeding earth was seen,
 But Desolation and Dismay.

Ev'n thus shall every kingdom rue
 Their Sovereign's lawless love of fame;
 Death the sad victims shall pursue,
 And thousands die to obtain a name.

Where round *Dunheved's* turrets bloom'd,
 In beauty's varied vesture drest,—
 Romantic scenes!—LEWELLYN roam'd,
 While Envy canker'd all his breast.

In those blest days, when calm Content
The chearful Shepherd's Heart inspir'd,
In Praise of Heav'n his days he spent :
The Works of Nature he admir'd.

Useless were arms for his defence,—
His breast was ne'er debauch'd by sin :
Secure in conscious innocence,
He found all peace and joy within.

But now, "farewell, ye happier days,"
Well might the Swain in Anguish say :
Or, lost to all the Joys of Ease,
In silent sorrow pine away.

Not thus: in high impassion'd tone,

Th' indignant Soldier wildly spoke:—

“ Ye Gods, shall I in mis'ry groan,

“ And bend beneath Oppression's yoke?

“ Shall I, who ne'er your Pow'r arraign'd,

“ Whose heart was never known to fraud;

“ Whose breast base lucre never stain'd,

“ Whose life the virtuous could applaud;—

“ Shall ELDRED's son with slaves unite,

“ And herd with RADNOR's servile train?

“ Vile trembling dastards in the fight!—

“ Let ELDRED's son the thought disdain.

“ Ye partial Pow’rs, while knaves possess

“ The wealth and honours of the earth,

“ The good man feels severe distress,

“ From the sad moment of his birth.”

As thus, in proudly-swelling strain,

LEWELLYN ’gainst his fate exclaim’d,

Torn with dark Envy ; while in vain,

Unerring Providence he blam’d :—

Divinely sweet, what airy notes

Steal wildly thro’ the raptur’d grove !

What heavenly Musick softly floats,—

The voice of Harmony and Love !

“ Let

Cœlestial Powers! an Angel's form!

What ease, what elegance conspire!

Her smiles, the prowling wolf could charm,

And the cold breasts of Stoics fire.

'Tis the fierce RADNOR's loveliest child,

Above the nymphs in beauty far;

Her eyes "blue languish" sweetly mild,

Lustrous outshine the Morning Star.

Can words the swelling transports paint,

That fill'd the swain's high-bounding heart?

Description's boasted pow'rs are faint,—

How pleasing Love's severest smart!

“ What means, rash Youth,” ELFINDA cries,
 (Soft blushes height'ning every grace ;
Ten thousand killing charms arise,—
 What deaths of rapture in her face!)

“ What means thy bold intrusion here?”
 With conscious dignity she said :
Confus'd, abash'd—with love,—with fear,
 He look'd,—he languish'd,—and he fled.

“ Yet stay,” exclaim'd the faltering maid,
 “ I see, wrong'd youth, thy modest air !
“ Lift up thy meek eyes, void of dread,
 “ Such diffidence can please the fair.

“ Thy form bespeaks thee nobly born,
“ Tho’ unadorn’d thy mean attire;
“ Perhaps, capricious Fortune’s scorn,
“ Thy bosom feels a Hero’s fire.”

She ceas’d :—And lo ! the shouts of war,
Re-echoed thro’ the trembling gloom !
ELFINDA hears the rattling car ;—
Pale Horror warns her of her doom.

Unthinking Maid ! what beck’ning power
Thus hail’d thee to the spectred Grove ?
Ah, heedless Nymph ! is this an hour,
Is this a time for frightened Love ?

Behold !

Behold! the dread steel dimly gleams!

Alas! no visionary sword!

See! troops in arms! Hark! dismal screams!

Thy Father! lo! the captive Lord!

She swoons! o'er all her features spreads,

O'er her soft cheeks a deadly pale:

So the sweet Rose's crimson fades,—

So droops the Lilly of the Vale.

“Ye Gods!” astonish'd RADNOR cries,

“Let my dear child resign her breath;

“Entranc'd my lov'd ELFINDA lies!

“O let her sleep the sleep of death.

“Let

" Let her rapt spirit wing its way

" To amaranthine bow'rs of joy ;

" Freed from the vesture of Decay,

" There ages in delight employ.

" Far from these fleeting scenes below ;—

" Far from the world's deluding light ;

" Ne'er let her share her father's woe,

" Fall'n from vain grandeur's tott'ring height."

Thus RADNOR spoke : A hectic glow

The father's furrow'd face o'erspread ;

The Tears of touch'd Affliction flow

Soft trickling o'er the transient red.

Heav'n heard the sad fire's fervent pray'r,

Yet ev'n in death her charms remain;

The melting troops in wonder stare,

Scarce tearless can the fight sustain.

Afraid of Fate LEWELLYN fled;

As if by fiends of Hell pursued;

Appall'd he fought the thickest shade,

Far from the dirk, deep plung'd in blood.

T H E

F A T E O F L E W E L L Y N .

Part the Second.

'T WAS Night: the paly-circled Moon,
Portending storms,—the storms of Fate,—
Through low'ring clouds malignant shone;
Muttering dire spells Enchantment fat.

Chill'd with the hollow gale of Death,
The Son of Madness* wildly glar'd;
Wandering along the clanging heath,
Startled, the dread Alarm he heard.

* LEWELLYN.

D

Sudden

Sudden the black'ning tempest rose,
And the strong whirlwind swept the waste;
Baffling his elemental foes,
He struggled with the raging blast.

The mingled scenes that mark'd the day,
Deep on sad Memory's wounded breast,
Their visionary forms display,
And with fierce pangs the soul possess.

The Raven croak'd his fullen flight,
The dark Bat wheel'd on leathern wing,
The lone Owl scream'd the dirge of night,
The Vaults in hollow murmurs ring,

LEWELLYN, heedless where he went,
Thro' gloomy paths his way pursued:
Red glimmerings lurid Cynthia sent,
The welkin round with blood imbrued.

Sudden deep-groan'd the yawning earth;
A ghastly Phantom rear'd his head!
Grim Tart'rus gave the monster birth;
On his torn breast the Vulture fed.

His eyeballs flash'd with livid fire:
The sad shrill shriek discordant broke!
The Furies all the Fiend inspire!
His black lips trembling, thus he spoke:—

“ Curst offspring of remorseless woe,
“ Thou, whom Perdition’s pow’rs pursue!
“ Whose heart no more with joy shall glow,—
“ Darksome as yon’ death-deep’ning yew!

“ Thou wretch, what boots it thus to bear
“ Red Indignation’s scorpion rod?
“ ’Tis I,—pale *Murder’s* Sire,—Despair,
“ Can free thee from an angry God!

“ Dauntless yon’ sacred rock ascend,
“ And hurl thee down the deathful sleep;
“ Thee shall no ruthless woes attend,
“ Lock’d in th’ eternal arms of sleep:

“ Then

“ Then shall no earth-born sighs remain,

“ Nor Fancy paint the joyless scene ;

“ Wild Woe shall mourn thy loss in vain,—

“ Shall rue thy slumbers—soft—serene :

“ Thee shall the fatal Sisters wail,

“ And view thy corpse with sadd'ning look ;

“ Madness shall love the gloomy vale,

“ Reclin'd upon the blood-stain'd rock.

“ Await not then Fate's lingering blow,

“ But headlong plunge with dreadful leap ;

“ Assur'd that far escap'd from woe,

“ Thy soul shall one long Sabbath keep.”

He said, and vanish'd. Tyrant Fear

Convulsive roll'd his haggard eye,

Besprent with many a pearly tear,

Gleam'd the wan cheek of Misery.'

Thus unresolv'd LEWELLYN pour'd

His dismal dirge upon the gale:—

While clouds of dark Affliction lowr'd,

Ah! what could every dirge avail?

For no soft-soothing heart was there,

To listen to the tremulous strain;

No sympathizing breast to share

The anguish of relentless Pain!

Thus

Thus rag'd the Youth: " All hail, Despair,

" Whom all the flaming Fiends adore!

" Hail the fierce Light'ning's lurid glare,

" And Thunder's aggravated roar!

" That God, who fways the woe-fraught world,

" Unjustly rules the human kind!

" What scenes to dire Confusion hurl'd!

" In what dread torments groans the mind!

" Dreadless to yonder rock I'll fly,

" And hurl me down the deathful steep:

" Oh! 'tis an awful thing to die!—

" Peace, coward fears!—'Tis joy to sleep!

" Why

“ Why starts my soul?—I feel—I feel

“ The pow’r of GOD’s inspiring breath:

“ I hear cool Reason’s voice reveal,

“ There’s Woe beyond the Gate of Death.

“ I shudder at the deep-felt thought:—

“ O my sad soul! how just th’ alarms!

“ Can every sense return to nought,

“ Freez’d in Enchantment’s torpid arms?

“ Forbid it Heav’n!—A gleam of joy

“ Now breaks upon my darkling breast!

“ I see, in dear Reflection’s eye,

“ The Righteous Man’s supremely blest.

“ Midst

“ Midst dreary Life's high-gathering storms,

“ Probation roughens every road ;

“ When Ruin every scene deforms,

“ We look towards the bright abode.

“ Why then did hellish Rage and Pride

“ Impious th' eternal pow'r arraign ?

“ Why his just laws my heart deride

“ In Blasphemy's infernal strain ?

“ Ah, day of woe ! Ah, luckless hour,

“ When erst I fled my rural seat :

“ Gay as the minstrel of the bow'r,

“ I prais'd my God in joy complete.

“ Through the green woodlands swell’d the note;

“ Sweet *Tamer* heard the trembling song;

“ Her waves in rapture used to float,

“ And musically steal along.”

Faltering, he ceas’d: The floods of Grief

High o’er his heaving bosom roll:

Now Comfort gave a short relief,

And glimmer’d o’er his clouded soul.

Relax’d with toil, while the blue glare

Of sulph’rous fire with faintness fill’d;

While spectres midst the troublous air,

His shuddering frame with horror chill’d:

A ray gleam'd faint across the gloom,—

Alas! no ray of chearing Light!

The Ghost, wild rising from the tomb,

Would prove more hospitably bright.

Reveal'd to view, an Altar flood:—

The fumes of incense breath'd around:

An awful scene! the streaming blood

Of victims stain'd the hallow'd ground.

High o'er the place, a sacred Oak,

King of the groves, its boughs display'd,

Hollow'd by Time's resistless stroke,

It form'd a venerable shade.

Embosom'd in the living bed,
In solemn sleep a DRUID lay;
Savage to this wild gloom he fled
From the mild radiance of the day.

Hope beam'd in chear'd LEWELLYN's eyes :
Sweet Hope reviv'd his fainting heart:
Th' illusive pow'rs of Comfort rise,
And reverential joys impart.

“ Hail, holy Man!” the pale Youth said:
(A trembling shook his sinking soul;
He felt a sadly-pleasing dread;
Deep sighs involuntary stole.)

A hoarse voice sounds: " Who dares to tread

" The ground which ne'er the vulgar trod ?

" Who dares profane the mystic shade,

" And violate the Rites of God ?

" Rash Youth ! thy destiny's decreed :

" Thy forfeit life to Heav'n resign.

" Hail, Victim ! hail ! prepare to bleed !

" Prepare t' appease the wrath divine !

" Does Innocence thy bosom warm ?

" Calm—on that Innocence rely :

" The Good assume a pleasing Form,

" Whene'er in conscious Joy they die.

" Sway'd

" Sway'd by wild Passion, or by Pride,
 " By Lux'ry pestilent and pale ;
 " If Heaven's decrees thy heart deride,
 " Soon shall thy boasted pleasures fail.

' Full soon thy Vices shalt thou mourn,—
 " When Death shall chill thy human frame,
 " In some dire beast thy soul shall burn,*
 " Raging with Lust's eternal flame!—

* Agreeably to the Pythagorean system, the ancient Druids maintained the Metempsychosis or Transmigration of the human Soul into the Bodies of Brutes. According to their opinion, for instance, an innocent and virtuous person, after his death, animated perhaps the body of a dove or lamb ; a lustful person that of a goat ; a luxurious and gluttonous man transmigrated into the body of a swine, &c. If any human being delighted in oppression and the misfortunes of his fellow-creatures, his soul immediately on his dissolution was obliged to do penance in the body of the most servile and laborious animal, in order to render him sensible of his error, in thus tyrannizing over those whom Heaven had placed in a situation inferior to his own. It would be useless to recount the happy effects this doctrine must necessarily have produced among the credulous.

" Has

“ Has black Rebellion, o’er thy mind,
“ Darkling her burning poison spread,
“ When RADNOR, scourge of human kind,
“ The throat of sworn Sedition fed ?

“ Some rav’nous wolf, some beast of prey,
“ With howlings thou shalt fright the gloom ;
“ Tear from the corpse the hallow’d clay,
“ While deeply groans the yawning tomb !

“ Quick rising o’er thy dark-red cheek,
“ Ah, wretch ! I see the blush of Guilt !
“ Heav’ns ! midst these holy rites to break !
“ Presumption ! Death ! thy blood be spilt.

“ No

“ No forrowing Bard shall sweep the lyre,

“ No lone blast* touch the trembling string:

“ No Funeral Song† thy death inspire,

“ Nor Grief the Dirge of Sadness sing.

“ The wither'd Witch shall haunt thy grave,

“ There herbs of deadliest poison strew:

“ There noxious trees their branches wave,

“ And there shall spread the darksome yew.

* Here is an allusion to that prophetic sound, which the harps of the Bards emitted before the Death of a person worthy and renowned.

† The ancient Britons esteemed it the greatest misfortune, that could possibly befall a man, to have no funeral Elegy sung over his tomb.

“ Await

“ Await thy doom, nor struggling dare
“ The dread Omnipotence of Heav'n!
“ To meet the destin'd stroke prepare;
“ Soon shall the destin'd stroke be given.”

Wrathful the dark-brow'd DRUID spoke :
Pale and aghast LEWELLYN stood :
From his brown cell, high-pondering, broke
The fainted Savage of the wood!

Grimly the trembling Youth he bound ;
In low groans heaves his short-quick breath :—
Remorseless Fate!—To deal the wound,
He lifts the light'ning steel of death.

“ Hail, Mars! to thee, great God of War,

“ Devoted, let the victim bleed!

“ Such be the fate of all who dare :—

“ And such be curst Rebellion’s meed.”

The steel, fierce-plung’d by bigot rage,

Deep drank the life-blood of the breast:

On the pale Youth the impetuous Sage

Thrice with wild arm the dagger prest.

Sudden, the forky lightnings stream

In blue sheets round the blazing shrine ;

The trees thick-wrapt in Sulphur flame ;

The clouds in lurid radiance shine.

Faltering

Faultering in all the death of woe,
The woodland Druid sadly faid,
“ Horror!—My Son!—That scar I know!
“ ’Tis he!—LEWELLYN!—Heav’ns, he’s dead!

“ Ye Gods! he moves! he’s lost! he’s gone!”
(The gift of utterance was denied,)
Senseless he stood: his bleeding son
Rais’d his cold head, look’d up, and died.

’Midst the red Thunder’s angry roar,
A blacken’d corpse, the father fell!
Ah! what avail’d his mystic lore?
Inhuman as the fons of Hell!

The shuddering Muse thus dares relate
The woes which boundless pride attend;
Thus warns the lawless of their fate,
And wild Ambition's direful end!

Hence too let Bigotry no more
Th' unfated pow'rs of Vengeance hail;
But Mercy's tenderest God adore,
Warn'd by "a LEGENDARY TALE."

T H E
G E N I U S O F C A R N B R E'.

A P O E M.

*The Muse so oft her silver Lyre has strung,
That not a Mountain rears his head unsung.*

ADDISON.

GENIUS OF CANADA

The first of the new line of
? that is a question now to be asked

hav
tim

T H E

GENIUS OF CARNBRE'.*

THE moon-beams, trembling o'er the sky,
 Checquer'd the shadowy robes of Night;
 Sleep hush'd the world: To Fancy's eye
 CARNBRE', rais'd in awful height,
 (Where gold-ting'd clouds flow rolling spread)
 Shook his monumental head;
 Shudder'd deep my startled soul:
 Through all my freezing veins the chill of Horror stole.

* A very remarkable Mountain in Cornwall, where some remains of the Ceremonies of the Druids have been discovered. 'Tis scarcely to be doubted, but *Carnbre'* was a place of worship in those early times, when the religion of the Druids prevailed.

Sudden appear'd in azure vest

The guardian Genius of the Rock;
While sighful heav'd his throbbing breast,

'Spite of rising Grief he spoke:
The pearly drops began to break,
And glitter down his dark-red cheek;
For Cynthia, sporting with his woe,
Bade the soft tears in sparkling lustre flow.

" Son of Man, (the Genius said,)

" Listen with religious fear:

" Holy Druids here are laid:

" Bards of old lie buried here.

" Once

" Once, alafs! the warbling fhade

" Round the raptur'd mountain grew;

" Once the Hand of Nature fpread

" Woods magnificent to view:

" Deep embosom'd in the gloom,

" *Contemplation* walk'd ferene;

" *Silence* fat upon the tomb,

" Mufing on the folemn fcene:

" *Solitude*, the Child of Eafe,

" Smiling, charm'd the dear abode;

" *Gratitude*, fweet Sire of Praise,

" Pour'd the wild note to his God:

“ *Concord* wav'd his myrtle wand,

“ *Mountain Freedom* woo'd the breeze ;

“ *Health* and *Peace* (celestial band)

“ Smil'd amidst th' embowering trees :

“ Oft, alafs ! when meekest *Eve*

“ Fresh'ning dews benignly shed ;

“ When the soft elves joy to leave,

“ Sportive, their luxuriant bed :

“ When faint *Summer* fev'rish pow'r

“ Blissful hails her modest reign ;

“ While to taste the fragrant bow'r,

“ Toil forsakes the fultry plain :

“ When

“ When the sweetly purling Springs

“ Soothe the stillness of the vale;

“ When the breeze, on fluttering wings,

“ Whisp’ring fans the flowery dale:

“ Oft the sacred harps around,

“ Awful notes high-ecchoing flung;

“ Pleas’d *Religion* heard the sound,

“ While th’ exulting mountain rung.

“ Fill’d with rapture, every Swain

“ Strait the solemn call obey’d;

“ Free from *Sin*’s malignant stain,

“ *Virtue* then the passions sway’d.

“ *Desolation* now appears !

“ *Ruin* holds these drear abodes :

“ Now beneath the weight of years,

“ Lo! the tottering Mountain nods.

“ Once where *Joy* was wont to glow,

“ Once where *Musick* breath'd delight;

“ Sullen blasts of *Horror* blow!

“ Croaks the baleful Bird of Night.

“ Once where green Groves shadowy rose;

“ Once where roll'd the silver wave;

“ There the deadly Nightshade grows!—

“ Hemlock hides the Druid grave!

“ Once

“ Once where *Wisdom* rear'd a feat,
“ Hissing glides the speckled snake!
“ Now in *Friendship*'s lone retreat,
“ Venom swells amidst the brake!

“ Still *Remembrance* haunts the place,
“ Ever shall she wander here:
“ Oft adown her paly face,
“ Gently flows the tender tear.

“ Still she fees the *Druid Train*
“ (Reverend Chorus) sweep the Lyre!
“ Still she hears the thrilling strain;—
“ Glows her heart with holy fire.

“ Richly

“ Richly rob’d, the hoary Sage

“ Still the mystick rites performs ;

“ Silver’d o’er his brow with age !

“ Still his frame *Devotion* warms :

“ Still, amid the gloomy glades,

“ *Inspiration* fires his breast ;

“ *Fancy* marks the fleeting shades,

“ Where the GOD his soul possesseth.

“ *Melancholy*, pondering Maid,

“ O’er the wild waste loves to rove ;

“ Conscious where the Muses stray’d,

“ Sadly waves th’ ideal grove.—

“ Yet

“ Yet my darken'd soul to chear,

“ *Comfort* sheds a glimmering ray ;

“ Still to one the Muse is dear !

“ Still belov'd the soothing lay.

“ Deeply sounds the solemn strain ;

“ Echoes loud the voice of Fame ;

“ *Cornwall* views a bard again ;

“ *Truro* boasts a WOLCOT's Name !

* The Author of the GENIUS of BRITAIN.

F I N I S.

" Yet my darkest soul to cheer,

" Comfort sheds a glimmering ray;

" Still to one the Mute is dear!

" Still beloved the looking day.

" Deeply sounds the solemn strain;

" Echoes loud the voice of Fame;

" Confronts views of the



" Thus boasts a Warrior's Name!

* The Author of the GENIUS OF DEATH.

F I N I S.